

MB-Me

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning Mb-Me

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

ABE.

When we see earth and scent a fresh turned
loam,
And feel the kindness of rain and ragged wind,
Hearing the lulling undertone lent to the quest-
ing ear,
We think of honesty and manliness and love. . . .
And this we see beneath the rugged lines of pain
Beneath the somberness and sober cast.

Hunched down beside a pile of unrived logs,
Abe, in moments spare, sought out the rudiments
Of education . . . ax and pen and book
Lay side by side beneath the beeches' shade.
And out of knowledge thus obtained, the mind
Grew strong and dormant inner sources strived

And brought to light a brilliance of soul.
Bred and born in poverty, this soul grew large
Until its simple beauty traveled through a world.
Oh, soul of love and life of common soil!
Would that we had a way of reaching forth
To grasp that callused hand . . . a guide to
right and truth.
Indianapolis.

PAUL K. McAFEE.

Ind. Star
2/8/42

McAffee, Paul K.

Lincoln at Gettysburg

"For a moment of deep
silence the man stands

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

For a moment of deep silence the man stands
Somerly gazing with sad eyes at the crowd before
him.

His words have sprung forth, full of deep kindness and wisdom,

But the realization of their worth is meager to his reasoning.

Yet had he uttered a long, solemn prayer to Deity,
Had he quoted a stirring psalm of Israel's sweet
singer,

No less entranced would have been his subjects....

He turns, shaggy head bowed and tears overflow
the aching soul,

Emptying their secret longing upon the lined
cheeks—

And with long, slow steps he is gone . . .

Indianapolis.

PAUL K. McAFEE.

And a new world is...

2/6/44

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

How honor him whom now the ages own?
How add a lustre to that deathless name?
Here in his Springfield, known to all
Who Lincoln know, and by his grandeur
set apart,
He is too great for homage! But, in honor-
ing him,
Remembering him with love and reverence,
We honor all the good within ourselves,
We honor each our neighbor at his best.

Let there be banquets, research, poetry;
Remembering not alone the President
But that ungainly small-town lawyer
Springfield knew.

His virtues all the world doth reverence;
His faults—shall we not honor even these?
Rude jokes, strange moods, frontier buf-
foonery,

The too-long list of petty quarrels—
Let us without apology recount them all;
It is because of these alone we know
How Godlike a man can be
And still be only human, like ourselves.

—Beulah McCaleb.

—‡—
NEW SALEM, ILL.

Along the hill log houses march in rank;
Rude structures, unadorned, they celebrate
No myth of mighty hero battling fate,
But tell of toiling people, simple, frank.
Yet thousands from the earth's four ends come here
To climb this hill and in its plainness learn
The humble roots of one whose name will burn
A flaming light to guide men fighting fear.

No stately mansions crown New Salem hill,
Nor domes, nor spires that boast their maker's skill.
The spirit of one man enshrouds its crest
With glory that no marble nor the rest
Of art's creations lend. What need display?
Enough to know that Lincoln walked this way.

Kevin McCann.

—‡—

Journal of Education

Dec. 10, 1908

LINCOLN, THE HOPE AND INSPIRATION OF THE
PLAIN PEOPLE.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Oh, not in kaisers or in kings
The hope of man we seek!
Their glitt'ring sceptres, crowns, and rings
Are baubles for the weak;
But we whose feet are firmly set
On freedom's broad highway,
We seek man's hope far deeper yet
Than kingly pomp or sway—
We seek it in the people's sweat
And in their blood, to-day!

We seek man's hope—nor seek in vain
Where dreamers work and wait,
Where boys in poverty and pain
Are growing to be great;
Where boys like Lincoln, poor and plain,
But strong of hand and heart,
Grow upward, through the sun and rain,
To play the hero's part—
To cleanse the country from the stain
Of manhood in the mart!

Oh, let the kaisers and the kings
At rule and sceptre play!
Man's hope is not in crowns and rings,
And baubles such as they.
But wheresoever hearts aspire
To break a Christless ban,
The name of Lincoln shall inspire
To higher hope and plan,
And stir the generous soul's desire
To live and die for man!

Normal Plans and Primary Instructor

February, 1924.

The Hope of Man

By Denis A. McCarthy

Oh, not in kaisers or in kings
The hope of man we seek!
Their glitt'ring scepters, crowns, and
rings
Are baubles for the weak;
But we whose feet are firmly set
On freedom's broad highway,
We seek man's hope far deeper yet
Than kingly pomp or sway—
We seek it in the people's sweat
And in their blood, to-day!

We seek man's hope—nor seek in vain
Where dreamers work and wait,
Where boys in poverty and pain
Are growing to be great;
Where boys like Lincoln, poor and
plain,
But strong of hand and heart,
Grow upward, through the sun and
rain,
To play the hero's part—
To cleanse the country from the stain
Of manhood in the mart!

Oh, let the kaisers and the kings
At rule and sceptre play!
Man's hope is not in crowns and rings,
In baubles such as they.
But wheresoever hearts aspire
To break a Christless ban,
The name of Lincoln shall inspire
To higher hope and plan,
And stir the generous soul's desire
To live and die for man!

LINCOLN

'Tis not in kaisers or in kings
The hope of man we seek.
Their glittering sceptres, crowns, and
rings
Are baubles for the weak;
But we whose feet are firmly set
On freedom's broad highway,
We seek man's hope far deeper yet
Than kingly pomp or sway.
We seek it in the people's sweat
And in their blood to-day!
We seek man's hope—nor seek in vain—
Where dreamers work and wait,
Where boys in poverty and pain
Are growing to be great.
Where boys like Lincoln, poor and plain,

But strong of hand and heart,
Grow upward through the sun and rain
To play a hero-part,
To cleanse their country from the stain
Of manhood in the mart!
Oh, let the kaisers and the kings
At rule and sceptre play.
Our hope is not in crowns and rings
And baubles such as they.
But wheresoever hearts aspire
To break a Christless ban,
The name of Lincoln will inspire
To higher hope and plan,
Will stir the generous soul's desire
To live and die for man!

—Denis A. McCarthy.



fill in
poetry

Lincoln's Vision of the Future

In memory I still can see
That honest kindly face,
As he gazed into the future
At a peaceful, happy race.

He knew that many a home
Would be without a father dear,
And mother's would look for sons,
In vain, with many a falling tear.

He knew that war is horrible,
And no mercy does it show,
In the sacred homes of loved ones
It will leave its tale of woe.

He knew that peace would never
Come without the sacrifice
Of loved ones scattered far and near.
They would have to pay the price

Of other people's greed and hate,
And pride and selfishness.

over

There were no other way, it seemed
To stop this frightfulness.

Had the kindly face of Lincoln
As it slowly fades from view,
And a vision of the future
Slowly comes to him anew.

And he sees a peaceful nation
Free and happy once again.
With all reverence we pay honor
To this grand and noble man.

Composed by.

Pearl McCaslin

84 - Fourth Ave

Newark,

N. J. 07104.

P.S. I listen to Arthur Godfrey and heard you
on his program. Will you please accept this
poem for your Lincoln collection of poetry.
I have a lengthy prose poem concerning his birth.

Talk, "Lincoln"—Mrs. McClanahan.

Mrs. McClanahan closed her talk
with the following original poem:

"If we live the life God intended we
should,

And live it the best we can; .

If we search not for evil, but rather
for good

In the life of our fellowman:

If our hearts are touched by the
grief of a foe

As well as the grief of a friend;

If we shrink not from doing the thing
which we know

To be right or a cause to defend;

If we turn not aside from the steep,
rugged hill

That leads to the heights above,

Then the spirit of Lincoln o'er shad-
ows us still—

That beautiful spirit of love."

Pier



Our Hero

HERVEY SMITH McCOWAN

HE was born in a log cabin.
His mother died when he was nine years old.
He wore the shabby clothing of poverty.
He ate the simple fare of the poor.
He had no education in the schools.
His library was the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress.
He split rails in winter snows for his bed and board.
He studied borrowed law-books and became a brilliant lawyer.
He defended the widows and the orphans,
He was the champion of Justice in Legislature and Congress.
He became president of a dying nation.
He healed the wounds and saved the Union.
He struck the shackles from four million slaves.
His Second Inaugural is the most remarkable address ever
delivered by a ruler of any nation.
His Gettysburg Speech is the most wonderful oration of its
length ever spoken by the lips of man.
He loved God. He loved his Country. He loved little children.
He loved his enemies and now their children love him.
He defended the weak, lifted the fallen, pardoned the guilty.
He held God's hand through the darkest night and walked with
Him until the morning.
And so he lived, this wonderful man: the loftiest patriot; the
kingliest soul; the gentlest, saddest, firmest, wisest ruler
that ever saved a nation.
And when he had loved much and suffered greatly, he gave
his life for his country.
He died for Justice. He died for Liberty. He died for us.
And this nation he lived for and died for is Ours, and in God's
name we will keep Our Own.
And now we love him; ah how we love him—Our Hero—
Our Beloved Abraham Lincoln.



By SAMUEL MCCOY

IN THE year Eighteen-Seventeen
The Indlanny woods were green;
I was a young 'un, eight years old;
In Spencer County was our landhold.

When I was two years old my mother
Had no one left but me and brother.
Pa had been scalped at Prophet's Town
The day the Injuns got licked brown.

Tippecanoe fight took our father,
But after that there wa'n't much bother
From Injuns prowling 'round the farm,
And none of us came to no harm.
Ma kept things going like a man
And planted corn while brother Dan
Toted the rifle by her side
And watched the trees where braves might
hide,
And I ran barefoot in the furrows
And chased the rabbits to their burrows.

When I was eight Dan was thirteen,
The Spencer County woods were green;
We boys were wiry little tads,
We dressed in britches like our dad's.
Ma spun the flax up in the winters
And made us shirts as new as splinters;
But, getting mixed in various matters,
It wa'n't long 'fore we went in tatters.

And dressed like that one April morning,
Just as the bright sun was a-borning,
There came a-marching past our clearing
Some movers—folks with all their gearing:
An ox-cart with a load of plunder;
And a lean hound-dog trotting under.
The first we knew was when our pup
Begun to growl and woke us up,
And Dan jumped from our corn-husk shake-
down
And danced a crazy nigger breakdown.
"Get up!" he said, and pulled my ear,
"There's some new neighbors comin' here!"

And, sure enough, the movers halted.
And then across our rail-fence vaulted
A boy not quite the size of Dan,
But sober looking as a man.
If we was ragged, he was worser;
A scarecrow couldn't have beat him, skurser;
He wa'n't old, but his face was solemn,
And yet—I don't know how to call 'em—
His eyes was sort of laughing, in
Behind his face, and when he grin'
Seemed like his mouth was big as two;
And yet his eyes was true as true.
"Howdy!" he said. We said, "Hullo!"

A HOOSIER

And he came towards us, walking slow.
We were like dogs that sniff each other,
Each one suspicious-like of t'other.
We looked at him, he looked us over,
Then Dan said to our pup, "Down, Rover!"

The boy said then, "We're from Kentuck."
"Howdy," Dan said, and, "What's your luck?"
"We aim to settle in this kentry."
"Well, there ain't nothin' t' prevent ye."
I said, "What's your name? Mine is Gabe."
"Gabe what?" "Gabe Tulliver." "Mine's Abe."
"Abe what?" "Abe Lincoln." "Whar ye
from?"

"Old Hardin County, Kentuck's our hum."
"I'll lick you." "No, ye caint." "I can."
"Shut up, Gabe, leave him be," said Dan,
"I am the oldest, I'm the one
He's got to fight with." Abe said, "Done!"
And so they fought, Abe and my brother,
Till I went bawling to my mother,
And she came out; Abe was on top,
And Dan was mighty glad to stop.

"You ought to be ashamed," she said,
"Dan, you're the tallest by a head!"
"Well, he's as old as me, I'll bet,"
Dan sniveled, "and I'll lick him yet!"
"You Abe," said mother, "answer straight,
How old be you?" Abe said, "I'm eight."
"Eight . . . don't you lie to me, you limb!
If that's the truth, I'll tend to him!"
And so Dan got another lick,
And I showed Abe my conjure-stick.

They camped and built a cabin by us,
And later made a clearing nigh us.
And Abe and Dan and me were friends;
Good beginnings make good ends.

For thirteen years, since that first day,
We've grown together, work or play;
Summer or winter, rain or shine,
What's mine was his, what's his was mine;
We've fished and hunted, fought together;
We've made our packs from the same leather;



MOTHER.

The spelling-book Abe used to tote
I give him; In it he had wrote,
"Abraham Lincoln, his book and pen,
He will be good, but god knows when."
I stuck up for him at the school
When most folks called him a plain fool;
He's licked a parcel of smart fellers
That used to think themselves good spellers.
Wrestlin' with books was Abe's religion;
He threw a heap on Little Pigeon.

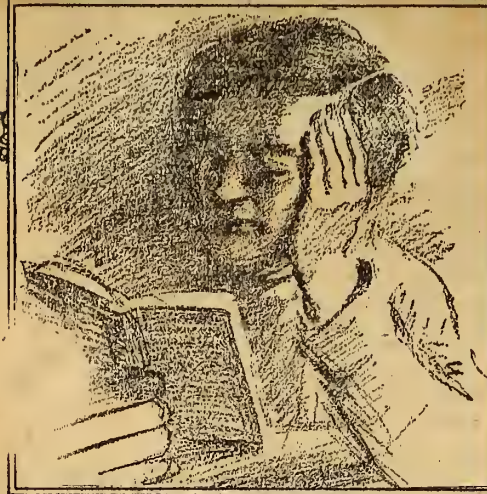
I knew his mother, 'fore she died,
And knew how Abe he cried and cried;
We both of us was only 'leven
When that queer woman went to Heaven.
Abe's father got another wife,
But Abe was somehow changed, for life.
Just now I named his mother "queer,"
And so she was; she loved Abe dear,
But she was silent as a mountain,
Or secret as a froze-up fountain.
Abe loved his second mother, too—
She taught him most of what he knew—
But there was something 'bout the first,
When she looked at you with those eyes
So deep, so sad, so strong, so wise,
A something in her face would make you
Feel's if no force could ever shake you.
It made a feller's heart 'most burst.

She was the mother of Abe Lincoln.
When she was dead I got to thinkin'
(Not all at once, but year by year)
That everything I'd see or hear
In the white silence of the winter,
Ice-bound, and awful, seemed to hint her;
Or in the summer, when the leaves
Would bresh a feller's hunting-sleeves
With fingers gentle as hers were,
I always used to think of her.
And Abe, too, somehow seemed to sense it—
A thing so big you couldn't fence it.

The land was mother to Abe now.
It was as if she taught him how
To gather strength from her still breast,
Whether snow-bound or flower-bright;
Her voice spoke in the quiet night,
In the great woods of the new West
We walked together, Abe and I,
And we could always feel her by.

No years like those were ever known!
Abe's gone now—I am left alone;
He'll vote next Fall—he's twenty-one;
And so am I, but I am . . . done:
I'm dying, so the doctor reckoned;
I'll never reach my twenty-second.
It don't seem true I've got to go,
There's so much yet to do, you know.
There's mother—Dan will take care of her,
But he can't love her as I love her!
I'm well enough, 'cept for this pitting,
Though sometimes 'seems my lungs was split-
ting,

And times I get so weak, I cry!
A grown man! . . . It is hard to die.
O mother, Dan will take care of you,
But he can't love you as I love you!



I lie here on this feather-bed
That she has fixed me, and my head
Seems to be clearer now than ever,
And I know things now that I never
Could understand before; somehow
It seems as if all's quiet now.
There's no more reason now for tears.
I like to think about the years
That Abe and I were boys together,
And wonder . . . wonder . . . wonder whether
He will find, patiently and slow,
The things that dying makes you know—
The many things we talked about
In summer nights, when stars were out.

The Indianny woods are green,
And now the white-limbed sycamores
Over the muddy brooksides lean;
Above the foamy water-floors
Their leaves move softly, gray and green;
This is the season of the year
When all the spirit seems to hear
The volces of the living wood,
Such as are only understood
By him who fills the star-hung night
With voices fashioned out of light.

This is the season when he came,
This friend of mine who loved to go
Where sunlit maples used to flame
And dogwood spread its hill of snow.
In the Big Timber that we know.

There in the breathless solitudes
His sorrow-troubled spirit broods:
They tell me he has gone away,
But oh, they know not what they say!
'Twas here in my own home he grew
Into the manhood that I knew!

This county bred him, giving strength
To all his gaunt, ungainly length;
His bones are knitted from her earth,
His smile from her warm, human mirth;
His deep-set eyes are sad with sorrow
For what may come in her tomorrow.
And still I see him, with these eyes
That see the clearer morning rise,—
Just as he was, a boy I knew,
Whose eyes were still as true as true!

I cannot see what road he takes,
Nor if his heart, much laden, breaks.
I knew him only in the years
When Youth its inner voices hears,
And only know his strength he drew,
O voiceless Mother, straight from you!

McCrea, Margarethe

"For You the Flag is Flung"

"As mighty tree
within a forest range"

"FOR YOU THE FLAG IS FLUNG"
(1809-1865)

*As mighty tree within a forest range.
He towered above his world of fellow-
men,
Enduring storms that beat their constant
change
Against him, as the wind sweeps sedgey
fen.
Yet patience ruled his tender humble
heart,
Even as sadness stamped his rugged face;
But love for man remained the larger
part
Of all the sweetness of his spirit's grace.
As parting gift life offered him a crown—
A martyr's crown—to wear in hour of
death;
As storm of hatred brought the great life
down;
Though dying lips breathed last unselfish
breath.
Now, with the ages, whom we love lies
far—
Veiled in a twilight lit by vesper star.*

Margarethe McCrea

2-12-50

Columbus Disputely

LINCOLN.

Here was a noble product of the soil,
Grown starkly on the prairies of the West;
Inured to poverty; inured to toil;
The chivalry of Bayard in his breast;
A soul serene that ever onward pressed,
Beyond the darts of calumny and hate;
That stood in every crisis fierce the test,
Till earth had linked his memory with her great,
As Statesman, President, and Master of his fate.
He pierced the aeons with a Prophet's eye.
Humanity was what he spelt in creed;
He passed the letter of the statute by,
To give the spirit of it utmost heed.
His life was open, both in word and deed,
From prejudice and passion wholly free;
Of liberty he sowed a pregnant seed
For millions, and for millions yet to be,
Himself the bondman's Knight of Nature's sole degree.
A Tribune of the people, so he sprang
And seized the reins of power and high place,
While through the world his challenge grandly rang,
And shook Oppression's temple to its base.
His was the mettle of heroic race,
On whom the seal of sterling merit sat;
The sunken cheeks, the shrewd and homely face,
That shallow wits had launched their arrows at,—
Rail-splitter, Orator, and Greatest Democrat.
Along the wide horizon of the years,
A deep, sonorous echo of his name
Rolls, thunder-like; and future History hears
An answering echo from the Halls of Fame.
We see the tall, the gaunt, ungainly frame;
We mark the will to dare, the mind to plan;
We find the pure resolve, the lofty aim;
And while his rugged virtues thus we scan,
We stand uncovered, while we cry, "This was a man!"
And upward to the portals of the stars,
And past the confines of the Seven Seas,
Beyond the smoky banners of our wars,
Borne outward on the pinions of the breeze,
His fame is sung in divers master keys,
And shrined in bronze, or heralded in rhyme,
Past mountain tops, and past the Pleiades,
Far-sent, far-sounding, still with notes sublime,
Loud-bugled by the mighty trumpet-tone of Time.

—Ernest McGaffey.

Spencer Day June 1908 9

Lincoln.

Here was a noble product of the soil
 Grown starkly on the prairies of the West;
 Inured to poverty; inured to toil;
 The chivalry of Bayard in his breast.
 A soul serene that ever onward pressed
 Beyond the darts of calumny and hate;
 That stood in every crisis fierce the test
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 As Statesman, President, and Master of his Fate.

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 To give the spirit of it utmost heed.
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 Of Liberty, he sowed the pregnant seed
 For millions; and for millions yet to be,
 Himself, the bondsman's Knight of Nature's sole degree.

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 And seized the reins of power and high place;
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 And shook Oppression's temple to its base;
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 Rail-splitter, Orator and greatest Democrat.

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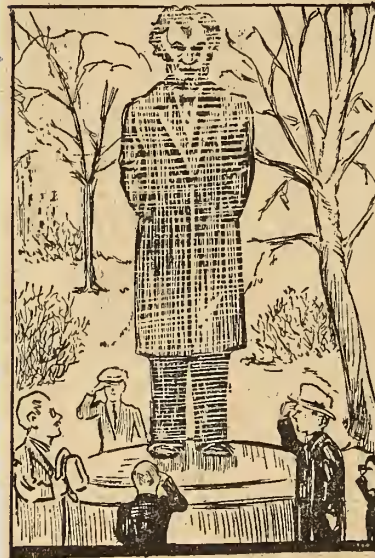
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 Far sent, far sounding, still with note sublime
 Loud-bugled by the mighty trumpet-tone of Time.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

ALL SORTS

By JOE HARRINGTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



T he log cabin boy as head of the nation,
H eroic he stood for states' federation,
E nabling the slave to strike off his chains.

E nobling the free man the union maintains.
M alicie toward none and charity for all,
A balm to the wounds that were bitter as
gall;

N orth and south, east and west
C an praise him with true zest,
I n these trying days he was firm-willed
and brave,

P atriots true in a crisis so grave,
A humble instrument under Author of Life,
T o be harbinger of peace from internal
strife.

O , Lord, bless each state that's a part of
this union

R egardless of section, race or communion.

Boston. ABBIE MCGILLICUDDY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He walked
In the Middle of the Road.
He talked
With the Man who bore the Load.
He freed all those who had been
Slaves.
Relentlessly, he punished Knaves.
He sacrificed his Life to give
An equal chance for All to Live.

Today,
We cherish what he gave us.
We pray
That Greed shall not enslave us.
We ask that we may ever be,
In verity, a Nation, free.
That all may have an equal chance;
That Freedom shall, our lives en-
hance.

We know,
He is looking down today,
And so,
Will Guide US along the way.
His Memory will make US strong.
We'll build what's Right; destroy
the Wrong.
We'll prove, Our Nation, is of
Worth—
It "shall not Perish from the
Earth!"

BURR MCINTOSH.

PURE WATER — PURE THOUGHTS

Abraham Lincoln

We'll build what's right - destroy the wrong.

He walked
In the Middle of the Road.
He talked
With the Man who bore the Load.
He freed all those who had been Slaves.
Relentlessly, he punished Knaves.
He sacrificed his Life to give
An equal chance for All to Live.

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That all may have an equal chance;
That freedom shall our lives enhance.

We know,
He is looking down today,
And so,
Will Guide US along the way.
His Memory will make us strong.
We'll prove, Our Nation, is of Worth—
It "SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE
EARTH!"

—Burr McIntosh.

(After reading, begin at last line and
read up)

COMPLIMENTS OF DUPLEX WATER PERCOLATOR CO.

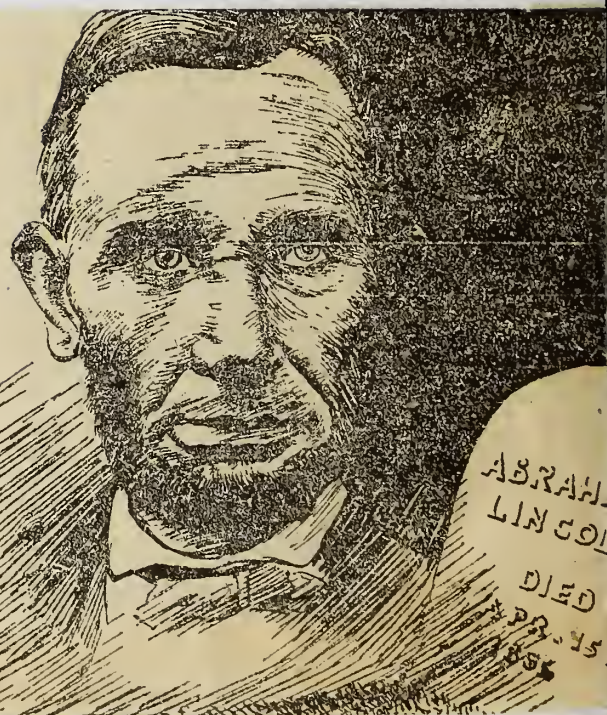
II.—THE CENOTAPH.¹

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?
'T is false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

*James T. McKay.**Century July 1890*

AND SO THEY BURIED LINCOLN? STRANGE AND VAIN-
 HAS ANY CREATURE THOUGHT OF LINCOLN HID
 IN ANY VAULT 'NEATH ANY COFFIN LID,
 IN ALL THE YEARS SINCE THAT WILD SPRING OF PAIN?
 'TIS FALSE- HE NEVER IN THE GRAVE HATH LAIN,
 YOU COULD NOT BURY HIM ALTHO YOU SLID
 UPON HIS CLAY THE GIANT PYRAMID
 OR HEAPED IT WITH THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CHAIN.

”
 MCKAY



ABRAHAM
 LINCOLN
 DIED
 APR. 15
 1865

W. H. McKe

Feb. 10, 1933

McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.

"Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault 'neath any coffin lid
Since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false, he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his grave the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain."

Feb 19 33

nat. Gleason Farm

II.—THE CENOTAPH.¹

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
 Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
 In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
 In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?
 'T is false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
 You could not bury him although you slid
 Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
 Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
 They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
 In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
 Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
 And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
 Whoever will may find him, anywhere
 Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

James T. McKay.

HOW SAL CAME THROUGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS," ETC.



THE summer sun balanced itself so evenly over Holly Bluff plantation that the broad white dwelling cast no shadow. But there was shade for all that, great stretches of it where, between the road that curved around the house and the fields now wreathed in tranquil cotton bloom, the pines had been left to check the western winds; and along the edge of the ravine too, where stood the cabins, were cool Rembrandt shadows, into which the open doorways looked out pleasantly, the colors of sundry and varied garments strung along the lines that linked the spreading oaks lending cheerfulness to the scene.

And there was a deep, cool shade in the broad back porch overlooking the blooming field, whose thousand acres ran off under the

¹ On April 14, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of Lincoln's assassination, press despatches from Springfield reported his final burial in the monumental tomb.

SUGGESTED BY THE RAISING OF THE FLAG OF TH
DEARBORN OVER THE WHITE HOUSE,
BY THE PRESIDENT.

BY ELIZA M. V. MCLEAN.

Music's strains were sweetly floating
On the tranquil summer air,
And our nation's ringing anthem,
Seemed to breathe a wordless pray'er
O'er the flag whose folds lay glittering
With its stars in crimson light,
That have shone, and still are shining,
Through our country's darkest night.

Slowly upward, while each bosom
Thrills with holy love and pride,
Rises now the glorious ensign—
The beloved, battle tried—
But o'er all the anxious faces
Gathered disappointment shade,
For the circling, dark pavilion,
Has its upward progress stayed.

But the fiery blood is mantling
O'er the swarthy western cheek,
And the flashing eye has language
Stronger than the lip may speak.
Proud the lofty brow is lifted,
One mere effort—it is done!
While the ringing shout of thousands
Told the victory that was won.

But a shadow clouds their triumph,
When the stripes were outward flung,
Where the stars were wont to glitter,
Parted, drooping, now they hung.
And the hearts that throbbed so proudly
Shrank with superstitious chill,
For the torn, ill-omened pennon,
Seemed to tell of coming ill.

And while listening here this evening
To the day's defeat and shame,
Memory of that riven banner
Sweeping sadly o'er me came;
And the presence of the omen
Seemed around its folds to cling,
Must it sink to-day in darkness,
A disgraced, dishonored thing?

God of battle! Thou did'st bless it
When it shone o'er Bunker's Height,
And in Yorktown's hour of struggle
It was bathed in victory's light.
Long undimmed its starry brightness
Floated over land and sea,
Shall the gory hand of Treason
Sully now its brilliancy?

Never! never! comes the echo
From a million bursting hearts.
Never! never! till the life blood
From each loyal son departs.
We have joined the riven banner,
We will join our stars again,
Till one flag shall float above us
Free from dark Rebellion's stain.

A Tribute to Lincoln

**EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF**

HON. THOMAS P. O'NEILL, JR.

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 16, 1960

Mr. O'NEILL. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I wish to include the following poetic tribute from one of my constituents in Cambridge that appeared on the editorial page of the Boston Herald on the 151st anniversary of the birth of the Great Emancipator. In these days of confusion, it is

well to have the words of Lincoln recalled to our minds:

LINCOLN

(By William H. McMasters)

How futile are the words of men to make
their heroes' deeds stand forth
Or bring to mind full measure of their
character!
So has it ever been with Lincoln.
He, of all our country's great, eludes the
tricks of rhetoric
And makes our efforts impotent, our studied
phrases trite and common.
As the pages of history turn and countless
yesterdays flow into the vast eternity
of time.
The best that we can do is mark the passage
of his tragic years
And breathe our heartfelt thanks that such
eternal grandeur
In one undaunted soul,
Belongs, in growing strength, to those who
live within the shadow
Of his stature.
On this anniversary of his birth, reverently
we pray;
That he look down from the serene and lone-
ly heights of Mount Olympus,
And, once again, implore us:
"To do all which may achieve and cherish
a just and lasting peace
"Among ourselves, and with all nations."

McMillan, Foy Albert

F. F. McMILLAN, M. D.
CHARLEVOIX, MICHIGAN

December 16, '42.

Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sirs;

You may perhaps remember me as the man from Charlevoix, Michigan, who with his wife and daughter, stopped one afternoon last March (19th), and was very courtiously shown about the Lincoln Museum. I also inquired as to where I might be able to obtain Lamont's Life of Lincoln, and was placed on your mailing list.

At that time I was on my way to Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama, to see my son, Albert, who was in training there as an aviation cadet, for his commission as Lieutenant, (pilot). We made the trip uneventfully, bringing back my son for a month's furlough with us. We saw him but once after that, July 1st, when he flew from South Carolina to spend two days with us. One month after that he died in an air-collision near Spence Field, South Carolina.

In looking over my pictures of him, I found one which my daughter had once taken (1937), of the two of us, in the rain, gazing at the statue of Lincoln before the Capitol Building in Springfield, Illinois. Our local photographer says it is a remarkably fine amateur picture. We were not aware that the picture was being taken, and were not posing for it. It was but a small Brownie negative, but we had an enlargement made, and we like it so much that I am sending a copy of it to you in the thought that it might be of some interest to the Lincoln National Life.

I am also inclosing a poem written by this same son, when he was still in his teens, on the occasion of a visit to the Memorial in Washington.

Very truly yours,

F. F. McMillan

F. F. McMillan, M.D.,
Charlevoix, Mich.

Ode to the Lincoln Memorial
By Fray Albert McMillan.

I am a people's inspiration;
A paeon voice of adulation;
For he whose mould this marble covers,
A living spirit o'er us hovers.

I voice the reign of Mercy, Wisdom,
The aim for which Christ is arisen.
Beneath this roof stands one engraved,
A symbol to the Land he saved.

The Past shall serve but to remind us,
To give us hope lest shadows blind us.
There must be One who guides our way,
Looking at the yesterday.

For each great crisis has brought forward
A Captain's hand to lead us shoreward.
So if we've wandered far from land
Surely God must understand.



IMMORTAL LINCOLN

A furrowed brow and eyes of gray,
A bearded face, a kindly way.
A man who sat 'mid strife and gore
Throughout our nation's Civil war.

He prayed to God that all the slaves,
Beneath the yoke of brutal knaves,
Would hence become as something
free

To breathe the air of liberty.

The cannon's roar at last did cease.
To this great man came peace, sweet
peace.

No longer would God's children
quake;

Chains of bondage at last did break.

Ere many suns rose o'er the land
He died by an assassin's hand.
May his honored name never fade,
Loved by all was Honest Abe!

Contributed by

GEORGE A. McQUILKIN.

IMMORTAL LINCOLN

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Contributed by

GEORGE A. McQUILKIN.

Phila. News 2-12-57

Meador, S. W.

Their Lincoln

"Children loved him, long ago —"

The Ladies' Home Journal

February, 1918.

THEIR LINCOLN

BY STEPHEN W. MEADER

CHILDREN loved him long ago;
And the children of the street,
Climbing from the lawn below,
Gather still about his feet.

Little children, black or white,
Touch his hands and have no fear—
Clamber to his shoulder's height,
Whisper in his patient ear.

And the calm and kindly eyes
Seem, in them, again to see
All the hope of youth that lies
In the child race he set free.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

The Borglum Statue of Abraham Lincoln in Newark, New Jersey

Meaney, E. S.

The Child

"Prone by the fire, a knot of pine
for light —"

Overland Monthly, March, 1909.

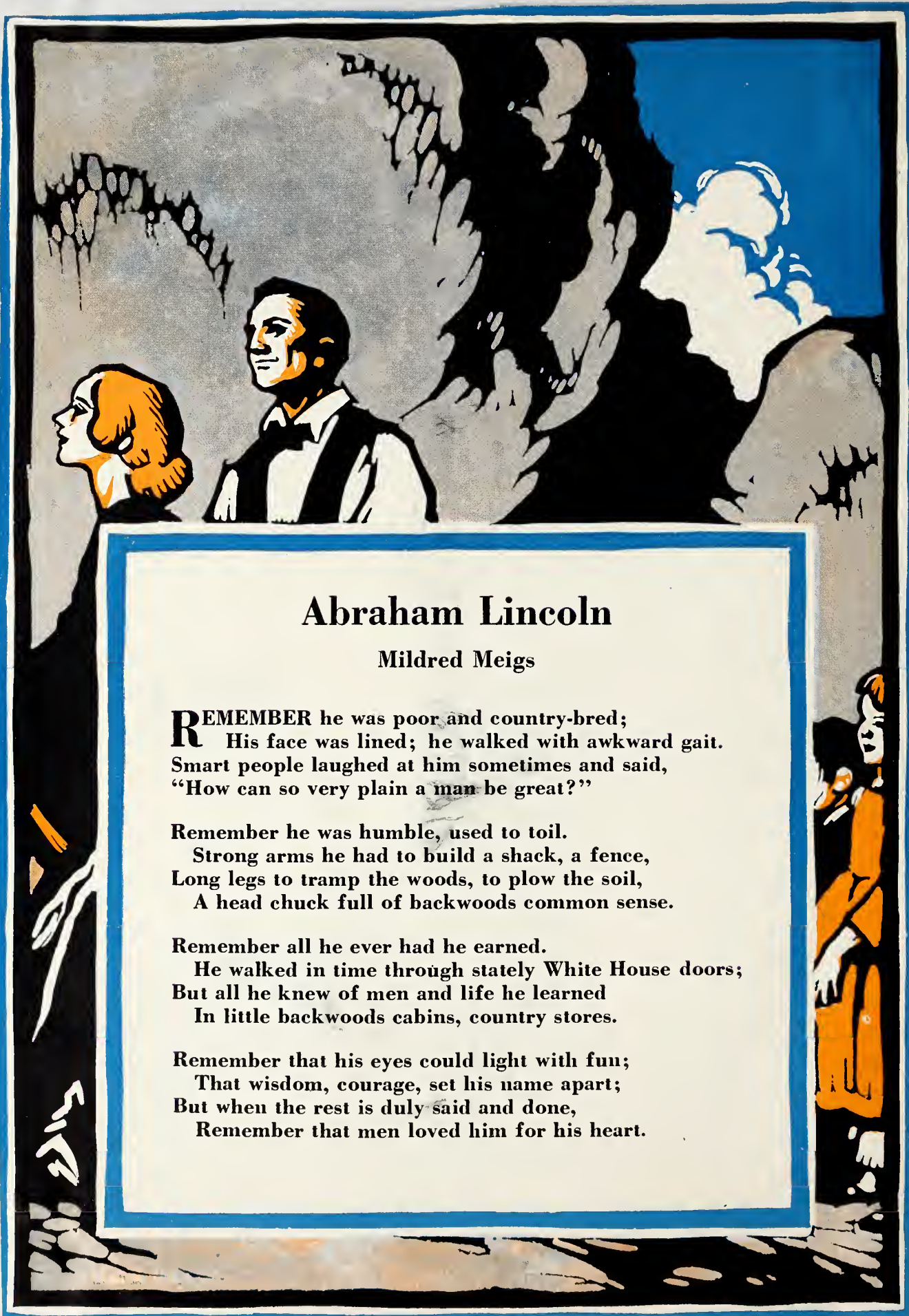


ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE CHILD

*Prone by the fire, a knot of pine for light,
The boy from freshly-finished toil lies down
To master mysteries of verb and noun,
Unmindful of the hours in hurried flight.
E'en fairyland with king and doughty knight,
Who wage their mimic wars in floral crown,—
As youth, awak'ning, shows reluctant frown,—
Must give the day and loan the hours of night
To him who sees real battles to be won
By thoughts and courage rescued from the wild
Tumultuous years of boyhood reconciled
To share the toil of brain with boist'rous fun,
To learn, to know, perchance to weep, as one
Who bears a manly burden while a child.*



Abraham Lincoln

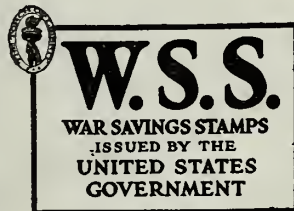
Mildred Meigs

REMEMBER he was poor and country-bred;
His face was lined; he walked with awkward gait.
Smart people laughed at him sometimes and said,
“How can so very plain a man be great?”

Remember he was humble, used to toil.
Strong arms he had to build a shack, a fence,
Long legs to tramp the woods, to plow the soil,
A head chuck full of backwoods common sense.

Remember all he ever had he earned.
He walked in time through stately White House doors;
But all he knew of men and life he learned
In little backwoods cabins, country stores.

Remember that his eyes could light with fun;
That wisdom, courage, set his name apart;
But when the rest is duly said and done,
Remember that men loved him for his heart.



THRIFT—THE PENNY COUNTS!

A Lincoln penny; pray what does it represent?
Not merely what it passes for, a copper cent,
But Faith and Sacrifice, his and our Country's life,
The price he paid for Liberty, ending civil strife.
The potent value of this coin lies in the text
"In God We Trust"; his trust in Providence annexed
The North, the South, in bonds so everlasting strong,
As proves God's foresight for the right, War's bitter wrong.
One out of many, illustrious Lincoln was,
United States his Passion, Liberty his cause.
And as in circulation our Lincoln coin revolves
Let each and every citizen remember his resolves,
And that dollars spring from pennies, if well saved also well spent,
This is the lesson of the coin, and of Lincoln Heaven sent.

Kansas City

J. M., 1918

Say! What of Folk, Shows, Animals N' Such Kay, By Karl Kae Knecht

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

By E. H. Melton

Tall, gaunt, weary, and tired,
He stood amid the recent dead,
And spoke the words that inspired
Every man to lift his head,
And listen to his solemn voice
Praying men to forgive,
And forget, and rejoice
In a nation that could live,
After four years of strife
And war, bitterness and hate,
That took their toll of human life
And made their home desolate.
He spoke like a prophet, old
In wisdom, and with seeing eye.
He saw how God would unfold
His promises, as time went by.
He looked across those silent
mounds,
And saw a nation, strong and
free,
Rising from its battle-grounds,
Where men fought for liberty.
And while "Old Glory" proudly
waved
Above his head, his gentle voice,
Told them how the dead had saved
The nation from disunions choice
To be one united land,
With liberty and God's own laws
To be the rights of every man,
Who swears allegiance to her
cause
And then he said "Our Freedom,
bought
With blood of men—who knew
its worth—
By the valiant deeds they wrought,
Must never, never, pass from
earth."

—3ks—

Another Lincoln birthday celebration . . . Wonder what he would have thought of a war spread out all over the world as compared to that of the Civil war with its limited territory.

—3ks—

Do not forget to set your watches and clocks ahead to-night before you retire or if up until 2 a.m., that is the exact hour that we go



KNECHT

Evansville Courier

2/8/42

Melville, Herman

S E L E C T E D P O E M S O F

Herman Melville

Edited by HENNIG COHEN

Southern Illinois University Press • Carbondale

The material from Herman Melville's JOURNAL OF
A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE LEVANT, edited by How-
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First Edition

THE MARTYR.

*Indicative of the passion of the people on the 15th of
April, 1865.*

Good Friday was the day
Of the prodigy and crime,
When they killed him in his pity,
When they killed him in his prime
Of clemency and calm—
When with yearning he was filled
To redeem the evil-willed,
And, though conqueror, be kind;
But they killed him in his kindness,
In their madness and their blindness,
And they killed him from behind.

There is sobbing of the strong,
And a pall upon the land;
But the People in their weeping
Bare the iron hand:
Beware the People weeping
When they bare the iron hand.

He lieth in his blood—
The father in his face;
They have killed him, the Forgiver—
The Avenger takes his place,
The Avenger wisely stern,
Who in righteousness shall do
What the heavens call him to,
And the parricides remand;
For they killed him in his kindness,
In their madness and their blindness,
And his blood is on their hand.

There is sobbing of the strong,
And a pall upon the land;
But the People in their weeping
Bare the iron hand:
Beware the People weeping
When they bare the iron hand.

11/93

UNIVERSITY PRESSES

Melville the Poet

*A scholar evokes the lost life
of the author of 'Battle-Pieces.'*



BERKSHIRE ATHENAEUM FROM 'THE CIVIL WAR WORLD OF HERMAN MELVILLE'
Herman Melville in 1861.

THE CIVIL WAR WORLD OF HERMAN MELVILLE

By Stanton Garner.
Illustrated. 544 pp.
Lawrence: University Press of
Kansas. \$29.95.

By Christopher Benfey

HERMAN MELVILLE was 41 years old at the outbreak of the Civil War, his career, like that of his country, in midlife jeopardy. "He had failed as a writer," Stanton Garner observes in his ambitious and absorbing biographical study, "The Civil War World of Herman Melville." Despite Melville's early reputation as a capable spinner of sea yarns, the nine novels, including "Moby-Dick," that he had published in the 11 years from 1846 to 1857 had left him impoverished and exhausted. He had flopped on the lecture circuit as well, and was living in irritable isolation on his Massachusetts farm in the Berkshires,

Christopher Benfey teaches at Mount Holyoke College and is the author, most recently, of "The Double Life of Stephen Crane."

staving off creditors with his wife Lizzie's inheritance.

If the role of gentleman farmer was one to which Melville's temperament was ill suited — he soon hauled his family back to New York City — it remains an open question whether his talents were in line with the next literary field he cultivated, that of poetry. In any case, when the descending darkness of his country finally matched his own mood — a frequent theme in Mr. Garner's book — he had the subject for a volume's worth of poems on the Civil War, called "Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War."

While Melville's rough-hewn poetry is perennially in need of rescue, Mr. Garner, a retired professor of English in the University of Texas system, ranks "Battle-Pieces" with the work of Dickinson and Whitman. (He calls Melville "the third participant in the mid-19th-century American poetic revolution.") He argues persuasively that "Battle-Pieces" is a "coherent literary entity," from its opening poem, "The Portent," when the shadow of "weird" John Brown hangs over the Shenandoah Valley, to its closing call for reconciliation. He has a good ear for the book's many poetic voices, as Melville traces the nation's passage from innocence ("All wars

UNIVERSITY PRESSES

are boyish, and are fought by boys") to "clear-eyed, pain-annealed" experience.

But Mr. Garner's aim is less to demonstrate Melville's poetic achievement than to gauge his shifting moods and attitudes from roughly 1859 to 1866, when "Battle-Pieces" was published to mainly indifferent reviews.

Since Melville was a "compulsively private person" and left a scant wartime paper trail — few letters, no journal — Mr. Garner has to resort to indirect strategies to fill the void. He argues that political parties were close and families closer, so that Melville's response can be gleaned from careful attention to the views of friends and family — most of them Northern Democrats. "If it is impossible to know much about the life of Herman Melville, it is possible to know a great deal about the world in which he lived." But such a method, however fascinating as social history, is bound to remain imprecise when applied to a temperament as idiosyncratic as Melville's, and much of the book takes place in a world bounded by "perhaps" and "probably."

The poems themselves reveal some of Melville's convictions, not all of which will please modern readers, especially his skimpy treatment of slavery and his praise of an America with

"law on her brow and empire in her eyes." On such issues, Mr. Garner's able defense occasionally shades into defensiveness. Thus, "empire" in Melville's poetry "may be understood in terms of . . . the capture of men's minds rather than their lands," and when Melville said that "in nature the Southerners stood closer to the Northerners than did the freedmen, he was not necessarily referring to race." As for Abraham Lincoln, he keeps a low profile in "Battle-Pieces," and Mr. Garner observes with surprise that Melville "did not mourn Lincoln poetically."

Mr. Garner is on firmer ground in his vivid narrative of the war, both in the North and the South, giving close attention to the involvement of Melville's friends and relatives. Alone among his major literary contemporaries, Melville actually participated in battle of a sort, riding west of Washington with a column of soldiers in search of the Confederate guerrilla band known as Mosby's rangers. Mr. Garner makes the interesting claim that the resulting poem, "The Scout Toward Aldie," is a "small-scale version of 'Moby-Dick,'" with Mosby, the hunted turned hunter, in the role of the white whale.

Mr. Garner argues that Mel-

ville was the only poet who had the tools and temperament to portray the full horror of the war. Melville recognized that the North and South were fighting a new kind of war, with technological ingenuity replacing individual heroism. He developed what Mr. Garner calls a "crank and piston versification" to describe the battles of the ironclad ships, ruefully noting that "War yet shall be, but warriors / Are now but operatives."

Mr. Garner admires Melville's "rough poetics," but his literary judgments are often unsupported by technical analysis. We need to be shown why the reiteration of a name in one poem, "Lyon," results in mere "doggerel," while the same technique in another, "Shiloh," is hauntingly effective. If we treasure the eruptions of the actual — the rivets that "clinch the iron-clads," Grant's "slowly-smoked cigar" — we need a defense for the surrounding abstractions and archaisms. Melville's poetic achievement, Mr. Garner modestly concludes, "will become fully available only when the critical tools needed to measure it are forged by others." This book, with its painstaking attention to historical and biographical context, is a worthy starting point for such an undertaking. □

Merkel, Walter

R TELEGE

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE • WIREPHOTO

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1953

OFF WITH

LINCOLN



By WALTER MERKEL

He knew the sorrows of the day,
A mother's tears, a father's grief;
He trod a dark and lonely way,
But always with a firm belief,
In fruits of justice; that at last,
Embattled truth would rise and seize,
The ramparts of a shackled past,
And raise her standards to the breeze.

He did not falter when the hour
Seemed dark and hopeless; and,
The rolling might of Southern power,
Surged northward over all the land.
He stood as strong as Hercules,
When Antaeus his challenge hurled,
Content to know that truth would please
To rally freedom 'round the world.

Who was this man—stalwart and great?
'Twas Lincoln, master of our fate!

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LINCOLN

Inspired by the Lincoln Memorial at Washington



By WALTER MERKEL

What do you see through eyes long cast
In space, oh Mr. Lincoln? Is it the vast,
Uncharted land of pioneer days, when hardy folk,
Fresh from their triumphs over English yoke,
Moved boldly West, their rumbling wagon trains
Curtained by dust of valleys and of plains?

Rather we think you look upon
The darkly brooding days of sixty-one,
When war was on the land, and brother rose
To face his brother; bitterest of foes.
We think you look again with saddened gaze,
On Chancellorsville, on Wilderness' dark maze,
On Malvern Hill, where in the morning light,
Heroic armies clashed; on Marys' bloody height,
At Gettysburg, on Shiloh's gentle banks.
You see them now, the boldly marching ranks
Of Union soldiers, proud and unafraid,
Of such stern stuff our history is made.

What of the future, Mr. Lincoln? Can you see,
Man moving onward—man triumphant, free?
No sound from the heroic figure seated there,
But all around us now, the very air
Is charged with confidence; you give us cheer
To face the great decisions of the year.

1900-01-10 Telegram 2012052



LINCOLN

By WALTER MERKEL

Oh, for a Lincoln, ere it is too late,
With outlook tranquil yet with purpose bold,
To guide with steady hand the Ship of State,
Though tides are strong and waters dark and cold.

Oh for a Lincoln, fearless in the gale,
Facing the future with a freeman's right,
Against whose shield no treach'ry shall prevail,
Nor dawn of promise lose its golden light.

Oh for a Lincoln, that the world might pause;
Might turn and follow him and find it good;
And so, united, through a common cause
March forward in the bonds of brotherhood.

Sunday Daily Telegram - Worcester, Mass. WORC
Feb. 12, '50

Merrifield, Annabelle

"Our hero, but not homely--"

HIS NAME WILL NEVER DIM

-0-

HIS NAME WILL NEVER DIM
(Abraham Lincoln)

Our hero, but not homely—
Beauty is what he did,
It shines, a stellar brightness—
No beacon can be hid

Strong, intimate with sorrow,
His name will never dim
Whose heart wept with the weeping
And O, the soul of him'

Annabelle Merrifield
o

Metcalfe, James J.

PORTRAITS

By JAMES J. METCALFE

Dear Mr. Lincoln

Dear Mr. Lincoln, you were brave . . . Your noble heart was strong . . . Some people thought that you were right . . . And some thought you were wrong . . . But that is not important now . . . As we go on our way . . . And wish that everybody had . . . Your tolerance today . . . If only all the world could be . . . As patient and as kind . . . Humanity would understand . . . And never be so blind . . . Your great example carries on . . . But, oh, there are so few . . . Who follow it in brotherhood . . . And try to be like you . . . The world is steeped in hatred that . . . Perhaps will never cease . . . Dear Mr. Lincoln, teach us love . . . And tolerance and peace.

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Metcalf, James J.

South Bend Tribune
2-12-57

Portraits

By JAMES J. METCALFE

Dear Mr. Lincoln.

Dear Mr. Lincoln, you were brave . . . Your noble heart was strong . . . Some people thought that you were right . . . And some though you were wrong . . . But that is not important now . . . As we go on our way . . . And wish that everybody had . . . Your tolerance today . . . If only all the world could be . . . As patient and as kind . . . Humanity would understand . . . And never be so blind . . . Your great example carries on . . . But, oh, there are so few . . . Who follow it in brotherhood . . . And try to be like you . . . The world is steeped in hatred that . . . Perhaps will never cease . . . Dear Mr. Lincoln, teach us love . . . And tolerance and peace.

Metcalf, James J.

Metcalf, James

Dallas Morning News
February 12, 1960

PORTRAITS

By JAMES J. METCALFE

He Hoped for Peace

If Lincoln were our president . . . In this new age and day . . . I wonder what dear Abraham . . . Would be inclined to say . . . I think that tears would fill his eyes . . . For he would be so sad . . . To see the turmoil of a few . . . That makes all people mad . . . I think when his decree went forth . . . He meant it not to be . . . For every issue to be solved . . . So swiftly, suddenly . . . He must have prayed for tolerance . . . And patience on each side . . . To sensibly deliberate . . . And take each step in stride . . . If he had known what was to come . . . It would have grieved his heart . . . That victory could only mean . . . Another war would start.

Making Light of The Times

By ERNEST L. MEYER

[The birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln this year is memorable for one curious fact. For the first time since its premiere in 1853 there is not a single company anywhere playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the play which exercised a profound influence on the public mind toward the abrogation of slavery and which undoubtedly had a part in the beginnings of the Civil war.—News Item.]

"Spare mah body, massah, oh spare mah bended back!"

That's Uncle Tom a-wailing on the stage;
While Simon's whip goes whistling with a foul
and fiendish whack,
And the hearts of all the townsfolk are breaking
for the black,
And the gallery is hissing in its rage.

Aye, they weep for Uncle Tom up in the
North;
Yes, they wept for Uncle Tom for eighty
years;
Uncle Tom was not a nigger,
He was something whiter, bigger,
For a nigger is not worth our Northern tears.

*[Black boy, black boy, keep outa my
way;
Keep outa my way, d'ye hear me?
Don't set a foot in my church or cafe,
For I can't stand a coon to be near me.
Black boy, black boy, know your place,
Stick to your digging and sweeping;
The world is the stage of our loathing
and rage
And the stage is the world of our
weeping.]*

Little Eva dying for the hundred thousandth
time,

While the townsfolk sigh and snuffle in the pit;
And the mellow-hearted women call slavery a
crime
And pray for war to lift the South from sav-
agery and slime,
And melt with Christian goodness where they sit.

Aye they weep for Uncle Tom up in the
North;
Yes, they've wept for Uncle Tom since '53;
And it's sad that he is dying,—
As the target for our sighing
He served well in every tearful jamboree.

*[Black boy, black boy, leave my hotel,
Keep to your South, we implore you;
When you were distant we loved you
well,
But now that you're here we abhor
you.
Black boy, black boy, Lincoln's ward,
Back to your cabin and lashes;
The stage is the world where our fire
is hurled
And the world is the stage of our
ashes.]*

